WEEKLY MAGAZINE AND LADIES' MISCELLANY.

No. 5.] BOSTON, SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, 1817. [Vol. II.

"BORN TO NO MASTER, OF NO SECT ARE WE."

NOVEL DEPARTMENT.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

You see with what sincerity I open to you my inmost soul. Henceforth I may weep in your presence without restraint; (a relief my overburthened heart stands much in need of;) and I expect you will put the same confidence in me as that I have reposed in you. Don't imagine that I am imposed upon; I am certain that you are no more a shepherd, than I a shepherdess. You are young, perhaps in love; for if I guess aright, our misfortunes flow from the same source. The similitude of our condition will make us feel the more for each other. I look upon you as one whom heaven, moved with my afflictions, has sent into this solitude to save me from despair. Look upon me as a sincere friend, capable of giving, if not satisfactory advice, at least a firm example of true resignation to the divine will.

Ah! Madam, said Fonrose, overwhelmed with what he had heard, whatever tender sensibility my heart is prone to feel, you are far from imagining with what deep concern the recital of your woes has affected me; the impression will remain as long as life. Ah! why must I have a secret, nay, even a thought reserved from you that have a right, after what you have intrusted me with, to scrutinize my very soul. But, as I told you before, and as my foreboding heart apprehended, such is the nature of my woes, that I am doomed to conceal them in eternal silence—a silence, which is my greatest torment. You are very unhappy, but I am more unhappy still. I will be your constant companion; will endeavour to mitigate your sorrows, and help to ease you in an employment too laborious for your delicate frame. Let me be the partaker of your grief; and when I behold you weeping over that tomb, I shall mix my tears with yours. You will never have cause to repent having deposited your secret in an unfortunate heart, that feels all the value of its trust.

I do repent it already, said Adelaide, with some confusion, and retired without further discourse. In her abrupt departure she saw in Fonrose's countenance all the marks of an afflicted mind. Alas! said she, I have renewed his sufferings; and oh, what sufferings must they be, that can give him ground to think himself more unhappy than I am!

From that day forth, farewell song! farewell hautboy! No more music! no more conversation! they neither seemed to seek or shun each other. Looks that spoke their thoughts was all their language; they were very expressive. When he found her weeping o'er Orestan's grave, he beheld her in mute attention, full of jealousy, grief, and pity, till her groans were echoed by his. A few days were passed in this painful conflict, when Adelaide took notice how the youth wasted away, fading like a blooming flower, blighted by some dreadful storm. The grief that consumed him gave her much more concern; as, not being entrusted with what occasioned his trouble, it was out of her power to administer any comfort. She little knew that she was the cause of his distress.

It is an observation founded in nature, that when the soul admits of two passions, they will of course weaken each other. Adelaide's regret for the loss of Orestan, grew less in proportion as her pity increased for the young shepherd. She was very sure that her pity proceeded from no motive but what the most innocent friendship suggested, nor did it ever occur not to give way to it; on the contrary, she indulged it: for seeing the youth plunged in so settled a melancholy, she thought it incumbent on her, after what she had professed for him, not to leave him any longer to himself.

Unhappy youth! said she, (the first time she met him after her resolve,) you perish daily, and give me the fruitless concern of beholding you consume away, and not able to afford you any comfort. If the recital of my imprudent conduct has not altered your opinion of me, if the sincerest friendship is dear to you; in short, if you will not make me more unhappy still than I was before your acquaintance; tell we, I conjure you, the cause of your affliction. Was your secret yet more important than mine, you need not apprehend that I shall ever divulge it. Orestan's death is a fixed barrier betwixt the world and me. The secret of your woes, which I desired to know, and for your sake, not for mine, would have been deposited in my husband's tomb, with his faithful widow, and your sincere friend. I hope, said Fonrose, it will be my fate to die first. Ah! madam, let me end my deplorable life, without leaving you to reproach yourself with having shortened it. O Heavens! she cried, what I? Can I have contributed to increase the woes under which you perish; ease my tortured heart, and tell me what I have said? What have I done to aggravate your affliction! Speak—say—you have revealed too much to hide yourself any longer; I do insist upon knowing who you are?

Since you will force from me so peremptorily a fatal secret, know that I am—that I am Fonrose, the son of those you lately filled with admiration and respect. All that I have heard them relate of your virtue and your charms inspired me with a rash design of seeing you under this disguise. I have seen you, and my fate is fixed. I have left my family in the deepest distress; they think that I am lost forever, and lament my death. I know what is your attachment here, and I have no other hope than to die adoring you. Forbear to give me any useless advice; my resolution is as immovable as your own; if by betraying my confidence you divulge my secret, you will only disturb the last ebbings of my declining life, and have to take to yourself a blame which you never shall have cause to impute to me.

Adelaide, astonished at what she had heard, endeavoured to soothe young Fonrose's despair. I will restore him, (said she to herself,) to his afflicted parents, and save their only hope from death; heaven has procured me this opportunity to acknowledge their goodness. Wherefore, far from affecting an ill-timed rigour, she employed every means the most insinuating friend could suggest, to calm and comfort him. Sweet angel! cried Fonrose, I see with what reluctance you are forced to make any one wretched; your heart is devoted to him who lies in the tomb; no power on earth can draw it away. I see with what kind condescension your virtue attempts to veil your happiness; I feel your goodness in its full extent; I sink under it, and I forgive you. Your duty is never to love me, and mine is to adore you for ever.

Adelaide, impatient to put in execution the design she had formed, arrived at the hut. Father, said she to the old pastor, do you think yourself able to take a journey to Turin? I want a person I can rely on, to give the Count and Countess of Fonrose intelligence of what concerns their whole happiness. My zeal said the old man, to serve them, will give me strength equal to my inclination. Go then, continued she, you will find them lamenting the death of their only child; inform them that he is living, and that it is their poor Adelaide that will restore him to their arms; but at the same time tell them, there is an indispensable necessity of their coming in person to fetch him. He set out immediately, and soon arrived at the Count's house at Turin. He sent in word, that the old man of the valley of Savoy was come to wait on them. Ah! cried the Countess, perhaps some misfortune has befallen our lovely shepherdess! Bid the old man enter, said the Count; who knows but Adelaide consents to come and live with us? It would be, replied the Countess, the only comfort I can taste after the loss of my son.

The old man on being introduced, fell on his knees; but they immediately raised him up. You weep, said he, the death of your son, and I am come to inform you he is alive; it is our dear child that has discovered him in the valley, and despatched me to communicate to you this interesting news; but she says, that you yourselves, and only you, can bring him back. Whilst he was speaking, the Countess fainted away, overcome with surprise and joy. The Countess shortly recovered; they embraced the old shepherd by turns, and acquainted the whole family with the subject of their transport. How shall we requite a benefaction that restores us to life? said they to each other. A journey to the valley was immediately resolved upon. When within a short distance, they left their equipage, and walked to the hut, through the valley which contains all that is dear to them. Adelaide was tending the flocks as usual. The old dame conducted them to the place where she was. How great was their surprise, when they saw their beloved son with the fair shepherdess, under the habit of a simple pastor. Their hearts discovered him more than their eyes. Ah! cruel, cruel child, cried Fonrose's mother, throwing her arms about his neck; what trouble have you given us! What could induce you to leave your affectionate parents? What is your business here?—To adore what you yourselves so much admired, answered Fonrose.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.....*No. XIV.*

The song that tells of light ineffable,
And of the dwellers there! HOGG.

Superstition and Bigotry are twin sisters; they were begot of Ignorance on that undefined and undefinable monster called Tradition! Fanaticism and Persecution are their eldest born; Credulity and Fear, the attendants that ever follow in their train!

It is a happy circumstance for this community, that the rays of learning have been so widely diffused: That the light of knowledge has extended so far as to dispel in a great degree the pestiferous mildews of these malignant evils.

It is to be hoped that this blessing will ever be estimated by us as highly as it deserves; and that in the enjoyment of it, we shall not forget the benefits it bestows, nor be taught by sad experience the misery that results from ignorance and superstition.

These prefatory remarks are thought necessary in presenting the following Letter from *an Inhabitant of the Sun*;—which will have answered the end of its publication, if it should have a tendency to open the minds of any to the reception of more liberal views, and guard them from being the victims of Credulity, or votaries at the shrine of Deception.

To the Contributor, an Essayist in the Weekly Magazine.

SIR,

I AM an inhabitant of the Sun, and have just alighted from the bright car of Phaeton, on this cold, dark, and dreary globe:—I am surprised and astonished at every thing I hear, see, and understand about me. The gross materiality of your bodies, compared with the fine ethereal substance of ours; the ignorance which your wisest men display on the most simple subjects; the superstition which envelops your 'sacred things,' marring the moral beauty which should characterise a system of religion confessedly from an infinitely wise Being; the credulity which is daily subjecting you to the grossest deceptions; all strike me with an irrepressible astonishment, and I have only to lament the perversion that seduced me from my native region. I am confounded with shame, Sir, when I recall the motives which brought me to this freezing clime: A *mania*, which I find is prevalent among you too, possessed me with the idea that I could better my situation by removing to this sphere. Information had been circulated among us, and theories were set up, by our learned men to prove its credibility—that this world was a paradise, and that it was only necessary to step our foot upon this earthly ball; and every thing for our comfort and happiness would be at command! That its inhabitants were not subjected to the evils and miseries, which we were obliged to endure! And that by the diffusion of knowledge among every class, ignorance was unknown, and consequently its effects, superstition, persecution and credulity unfelt! But alas! for the theories of philosophers, and the truth of travellers! Deceived by the sophistries of the one, and the plausibility of the others, I find myself confined to an apartment lined with flannel, yet still benumbed with cold; and if I wish to follow any employment, obliged to draw so near to a huge fire, (which I hate) that its proximity to my shins, covers them with blisters! and if I go out into the air, my frame is covered with as many bear-skins as it will support; yet while I was shivering, and my teeth were chattering with the cold, (this was on my first arrival) I was tantalised with the sight of every one around me blowing and puffing with the heat!

But without dwelling upon the effect which your frigid clime has on the fine organization which is the habitation of a pure intelligence, I will proceed to give some information respecting our religion, education, &c. and leave you to wonder how we can have a school of philosophers among us, that can envy your situation and powers.

The fine organization which we possess, gives to us unclouded perceptions; and reason, whose exercise you make dependant on so many contingencies, throws, with us, its vigorous light around every object, making them as clear and as bright as the region we inhabit:—we have no fear of exercising it even in the most important concerns. In consequence, our religion is free from all the trammels of superstition; and our ideas of God are as perfect as finite minds can possess of an infinite Being: and this constant exercise of reason has made a 'Great Light' unnecessary with us—though from the beginning, we have been favoured with a succession of perfectly pure intelligencies to guard us from error, and to teach us that the light of reason which is so perfect in us, was given purely that we might never go astray. Our system of education, therefore, naturally turns on this point: The initiatory parts of learning which you are so long in acquiring, is intuitively ours; and our whole attention is directed to the strengthening, and in the right application, in an unbounded sense, of our reasoning faculties: Consequently our views are mostly perfect; but simple and free from all mystery; our knowledge is vast, and comprehends much of eternity; and while virtue is practised universally—vice is hardly known among us. In our system, as in this, there are different grades, but content is not merely a 'tinkling cymbal' with us, but an operative principle—and therein is happiness! Aberrations from the light of reason—synonymous with duty,—brings with it its own punishment; and as the fineness of our structures and the delicacy of our perceptions make our happiness the more exquisite, so is our pain proportionably acute.

But I must defer to another communication some further observations that may prove useful and amusing; till when, I remain

Yours, with much deference,

CELESTIA MIMOSA.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO 'THE PEDLAR'.

SIR,

With much regret and dissatisfaction, I ran over your Poetical effusion published in the last Magazine, and cannot withhold my opinion respecting it, without infringing on what I deem the duty of every good citizen, which is, to condemn every attempt or idea, that tends to bring the Christian system of religion, in any way whatever, either directly or indirectly, into comtempt, or ridicule, or to make it an object for the display of wit.

Though I have the charity to believe you had no design to ridicule any part of the sacred volume; yet any person of reflection, at one glance will perceive that you have violated that respect to religion, which every rational being ought always to inculcate.

You may consider the last number of 'The Pedlar' as a witty performance; but *I must* confess, then, that your penetration is deeper than *mine*, and where you discover wit and amusement, I can only find a deficiency of the one, and a false attempt at the other.

Your Numbers heretofore have been greatly superior to the last; and as far as I have noticed, free from that superficial trifling with sacred subjects which never fails to incur the hearty disapprobation of the friends of morality, and religion.

Your next Number it is hoped, will equal the former productions of your once amusing pen.

Your well wisher,

An Observer, and Lover of Decorum.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EXHIBITION AND BALL.

THE annual Exhibition and Ball, of Miss JUTAU, will be given at Concert-Hall on Thursday Evening, of the ensuing week. As an instructress in Dancing, this young Lady, from her *debut*, to the present day, has deservedly been a favorite with the public. Her unwearied attention and singular felicity in imparting the Art which she professes to teach; the object which calls forth, and the industry with which she prosecutes her self-imposed task; the gracefulness yet *naivete* of her manners, have combined to give her a high reputation as a Teacher, and to preserve the favor, which in the first instance was gratuitously awarded her by the public. It is therefore only necessary we believe, to remind them, that on Thursday evening next, she will present another specimen of her abilities and exertions, to their judgment and approbation, to insure her that patronage which will correspond with her deserts; and encourage her in her laudable and praise-worthy undertaking.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. VANDERLYN'S PICTURES.

IT is universally allowed, both by amateurs and artists, that the paintings from the pencil of this gentleman, (a native of America) now exhibiting in Joy's buildings, surpass every thing of the kind, in point of execution, which has heretofore been exhibited in Boston. Lovers of the fine arts will lose a rich treat who suffer them to be removed from town without viewing them, as they will not for many years have an opportunity of examining works of this description, which will reflect honour to the country which gave birth to such an an artist.

FROM THE VERMONT INTELLIGENCER.

To the Wanderer—Sir, Almost eighteen months have dragged heavily by since myself, and thirteen other *females* of respectability, were formed into a society, denominated 'The Friendly Club.' The principal object of the fraternity, is, to assist each other in attaining to the marriage state. Its officers constitute a President Vice Pres. Secretary and five Directors. In order to *illustrate* the subject, and explain to you more fully, the following quotations are taken from the bye-laws of our society:

'Act. 3 and it shall further be the duty of each member, to aid, help, and assist each, and every one, regularly admitted, as aforesaid, in any and every way and mean which shall cause to promote, or best tend to advance, hasten and accelerate the happy period, when maiden-hood shall meet the embraces of nuptial bliss.

Act. 5. Whenever any sister member of this society, shall have any offer proffer or proposal of marriage under consideration, it shall be the duty of each and every member belonging to this club, in no wise, to say or *hint* any thing within the hearing of any person, to the disadvantage, detriment or injury of her, who has thus received the proffer of marriage; but shall on the contrary, improve every opportunity in extolling, praising and magnifying her many good qualities, qualifications and accomplishments, for the good of her who shall thus stand upon the brink of wedlock.'

Altho', since the organization of our club, there have been considerable acquisitions in number; not one of its members have had the *good fortune* to receive any proposals relative to matrimony.

As this letter is addressed to a person, whom, we have sufficient reasons to believe is a friend to the *fair sex*, its object cannot but be self evident. Hoping that you will take our *alarming* case into mature consideration, and make enquiries concerning the cause of so much dilatoriness on the part of *old bachelors*, will be the unceasing prayer of

Yours &c.

WILHELMINA WRINKLE,
in behalf of the sisterhood.

Clubroom, Oct. 30th, 1817.

P. S. We shall not be particular as to age or mental qualifications, should prefer, however persons of some occupation. W. W.

NATURAL FEELINGS NOT TO BE OVERCOME.

(Concluded from page 15.)

THERE is nothing easier than to make resolutions, and nothing more difficult than to keep them.

I sat down again, laid Epictetus and Seneca on the table before me, and turned my reading particularly on the contempt of bodily pain, which by their help I clearly discovered to have nothing to do with the mind, and was therefore firmly resolved that I would disregard

them, if ever any of them should attack me; so I counted my resolutions as acquisitions already made, and considering myself as above the rest of mankind,—It is an easy thing, said I, to curb every unruly passion; I am surprised that every body does not do it.

In this humour I went to bed, perfectly superior to every contingency; but having been frequently subject to the tooth-ach, I awaked in the night in a violent fit of it—I rung the bell—waked the whole house—called for all my antidotes—none of them relieved me.——Disappointment doubles the weight of misfortune, and frets the mind; so I knocked my head against the bed-post, and committed a thousand other extravagancies; and at last jumping out on the floor, I beheld Seneca and Epictetus lying on the table.—You are liars! cried I, so I lifted them, and dashed them on the floor. You are liars! for I find pain affects the body, and the soul, and the —— I will trust you no more; so I sent for a surgeon, and had my tooth drawn.

The pain was soon over, and I returned to bed. Sweet ease, said I, as I laid me down, how soft thou makest the pillow upon which we lay our heads!—so I went to sleep. In the morning when I got up, the servant had laid the two books upon the table. When there is nothing to disturb the mind, she often wonders how any thing could ever disturb her. I took up Seneca again, and soon read myself into a thorough contempt both of my former conduct, and of all the cross accidents of life.

The two last accidents, said I, came plump upon me, without allowing me any time to fortify myself; so they overcame by a coup de main; but let adversity come upon me by degrees, let it warn me of its approach, and then let it try if it can vanquish my resolution.

I had now an only brother; in his tender infancy he had been committed to my care, and I had nourished him in my bosom, and been to him as a father; he had repaid me with love and duty; they were all he had to give. He was at this time complaining, and his complaints soon discovered that he was afflicted with a nervous fever. So long as the physician had any hope of his recovery, I stood firmly collected within myself—Whatever shall happen to him, said I, I will behave like a philosopher.

As soon as I was told by the doctor that his disease would be fatal, my firmness began to relax, and my resolution to fail. I hung in suspense whether I should incline to Seneca, or to nature. When he drew his last breath, he seemed to fix his eyes upon me. The look pierced my heart—I shall remember it while I live. Seneca was discarded, nature took possession of my whole soul, and the congenial tear rushed into my eye.

I wiped it away, and while I did it—I will still be a philosopher, said I; so I took up Seneca once more, to search for consolation. Circumstances were changed—he afforded me none. Thou hast deceived me, said I, with words; thou hast endeavoured to strip me of the feelings of nature and humanity; but this (wiping a tear from my eye) informs me that thou hast laboured in vain.

My neighbour Beverly came in, and afforded me much the same consolation as I had done him, and with much the same effect.

After him came the vicar of our parish, who endeavoured to console me by every argument that could be drawn from Scripture, religion, and reason.—The tear gushed faster from my eye while he spoke.

My relations, too, gathered about me, and fell upon every method they could invent to diminish my grief, but they were fighting against the principle within me.

I thought I had behaved well to my brother while alive; but now he was dead, I thought otherwise; and every ungracious word I had uttered to him crowded into my memory. Great God! said I, could we think of this in time, how differently would we behave to each other!

The tender sensations are the most valuable parts of humanity, and whoever endeavours to detach them from the soul, endeavours to rob her of the most precious gift of heaven. If we had no feeling for each other, society and every good office would be at an end; but mine, said I, as I am now convinced of their utility, shall never end but with my existence.

ORIENTAL SCOLDING.

Although the Hindoos are the meekest people on earth, yet they sometimes quarrel with one another Will you please to attend to so trifling a description as that of a Hindoo scolding match? Storms sometimes display the nature of the soil on which they fall. The enraged parties begin with complaining of each other's injustice; and retail a great many moral and religious maxims, which, by that injustice, have been violated. They enumerate the acts of violence or of fraud, which their antagonists have committed against others as well as themselves. They undervalue each other's families:—'Your sister went on a certain day to fetch water from the well, and was embraced by a Christian soldier:'—'Your father dying young, your mother did not shave her head, but made her elopement with a sepoy:' 'From a niggardly disposition, you violated the laws of our holy religion by making the same earthen pot serve you a whole week,'—'and you got so drunk on one occasion, with brabtree toddy, that you not only touched the vessel with your lips, but you bit it with your teeth.' In this manner they scold for the space of some hours: but now the contention becomes fiercer, and the opprobrious terms of Cafre and Hallachore are retorted with great fury. As the last possible insult, they pull off their shoes, spit in them, and throw them in each other's faces. They then proceed to action, tearing each other's hair, and striking each other with the palms of their hands, like women and children. After they are sufficiently fatigued by this exercise, they part, each declaring that he would have inflicted on his adversary more severe marks of his vengeance, if he did not consider himself as much polluted by by touching him as he would be by coming in contact with a *sow* or a *Christian*.

THE PRINTER.

'I pity—I pity the printer,' said my uncle Toby. He is a poor devil,' rejoined I. 'How so?' said my uncle Toby. 'In the first place, he must endeavour to please every body, and ten to one if he pleases any body: In the negligence of the moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted—and he is d—d to all intents and purposes!' 'Too much the case,' said my uncle with a sigh, 'too much the case.' 'Nor is that all,' continued I, 'he sometimes hits upon a piece that pleases him *mightily*, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but alas? who can calculate?—He inserts it, and all is over with him. They may forgive others, but they can't forgive a printer. He has a host to print for; he has fools, and he has wise men: and every dunce, that knows B from a bull's foot, sets up for a critick. The pretty Miss exclaims, why don't he give us more poetry and bon mots? Away with these stale pieces. The politician claps his specks on his nose, and runs it over in search of violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specks off, folds them— claps them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly to please himself, as he is a subscriber, and thus, weekly, it is brought to the grand ordeal.'

Trim could no longer contain himself, but rising, and making a stride to the middle of the floor, with his arms a-kimbo, and his head upright, exclaimed, with a loud and audible voice, 'If I was a printer, an't please your Honour, I'd please myself. I'd never give up the the ground to any one, or renounce one sentiment. I would not be swayed by the whim, caprice or folly of every one, but would mark out a straight line, and pursue it.' (Here Trim traced with the point of his stick a right line from my stool.) 'If I could not succeed in a plain independent course, I'd freely kick the beam.'

Q IN THE CORNER.

West Jersey Gazette.

The exhibition in Paris of a young Russian, who pretends to be able to secure himself from the operation of the most intense heat, gives rise in one of the Parisian Journals to the following anecdote of a Spaniard, who some years ago laid claim to a similar incombustibility:—After a dinner at which the Spaniard had made himself a little tipsey, he talked a great deal about the faculty which he possessed; and taking a little packet out of his pocket, said, "It is by rubbing myself with this powder, that I am able to brave the action of fire." Somebody present stole the packet, and carried it to several skilful chemists. They discovered that the powder was that of the bony shell of the cuttle-fish.—An umber of experiments were made. Meat, of various kinds, strongly impregnated with this powder, resisted the operation of fire; but not one of the chemists ventured to prove its efficacy on himself. Cuttle-fish bone is certainly used by goldsmiths for crucibles, which are submitted to the most violent heat.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1817.

THEATRE.

The 'Conquest of Taranto,' which has been in preparation some time, was brought forward last evening to a full, though not crowded house. This piece, like all others of the kind, depends for its success more on the ingenuity of the painter than the poet. Gonzales' palace with the garden in front, is a superb scene, and entitles Mr. Worral to much credit; we think it would suffer little in comparison with some of Mr. Penniman's best productions in the '*Forty Thieves*.' The language of the play, if we except a few passages which are elevated and sublime, is heavy and uninteresting. The interest of the plot is not excited in any considerable degree till the last scene, wherein Valentio is discovered as the traitor of his country, and Rhinaldo the legitimate offspring of Aben Hamet. Here the author has made us some considerable remuneration for the exercise of our patience which had become weary. Aben Hamet, by Mr. Duff, was not one of his happiest efforts. Mr. Brown, tho' a favorite in the walk which nature points out for him, fell far short of doing ample justice to the patriotic and dignified feeling of Rhinaldo. Mr. Green, in Gonzales, played with much taste and animation. With Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Duff, we were as usual much gratified; the vivacity of the two former ladies never fails to please. We need only say of Mr. Benard's Nipperkin, in the afterpeice, that he kept the house in one continual roar; this is the highest eulogium we can pass upon him.

Ww.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Mr. Philips made his first appearance in New-York, in the dramatic romance of the '*Devil's Bridge*.' The New York Evening Post says—'Mr. P's fame has preceded him, and he was welcomed on his entrance with loud applauses; but this was nothing to what he soon showed he had claim to, and which was on all hands liberally allowed him. His person is good, his face intelligent. and his voice sweet, flexible, and of great compass; as perfectly at his command as a violin in the hands of a master. He runs his divisions with much facility, and executes his cadences with wondrous skill, returning to his subject with an emphatic swell, which never fails to draw after it the plaudits of the whole audience.

'But the excellence for which Mr. Philips is particularly to be valued, is his distinct and clear articulation; every syllable he utters is perfectly pronounced amidst the finest modulation.'

An Agricultural Society is forming in the District of Maine.

Theatre—On Monday evening the 'Conquest of Taranto Or, St. Clara's Eve.' To which will be added 'The Turnpike Gate.'

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Mr. Abel Hersey to Miss Eliza Haskell, formerly of Gloucester—Mr. Edward Hall to Miss Sarah Milner—Mr. Isaac A. Dodge to Miss Mary Cumpeton—Mr. Jabez Dill to Miss Eliza Pratt—Mr. Augustus F. Lane to Miss Abigail Trask—Capt. Thomas W. Swain to Miss Anna Burnham—Mr. John Cox of Portland, to Miss Thankful W. Gore—Mr. Freeman Simpson to Miss Sarah R. Miller—Deacon Josiah C. Rainsford to Mrs. Sarah Hiorns.

DEATHS.

In this town, Mr. Benoni Williams, aged 72—Mrs Mindwell Topliff, aged 51—Mr. Perez Cushing, aged 36 Mrs. Hannah J. Derby, aged 18—Mr. Thomas Greenough, aged 37—Mrs. Sarah Stevens, aged 48—Mrs. Mary Treadwell, aged 32—Mr. Walles Lang, aged 67—Mrs. Nancy Avery, aged 36.

In Quincy, Dr. Thomas Phipps, aged 80.

In Hingham, Capt. Edmund Wilder, aged 66.

POETRY.

(ORIGINAL.)

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO ELIZA.

A beautiful daisy that shelter'd its head
From the brightness of mid-summer sun,
And shrunk from its gaze midst the green leafy bed
That envelop'd its sweets, this daisy, I said,
Is an emblem of virtue begun.

The pitiless tempest, the loud-howling storm,
That prostrate the labours of power,
Scarce spend a rude breath on its delicate form,
And the night-dews that chill, and the sunbeams that warm,
Unite to adorn the sweet flower.

It courts not the hand that would tear it away
From the stem where it modestly grows;
For its raptur'd possessor, though pleas'd for a day,
Would abandon it quite on its early decay,
Exchang'd for a proud, blushing rose.

A gay, gaudy tulip that grew by its side,
Elate with its towering height,
Look'd down on the flow'r with a feeling of pride,
And spurn'd at its worth as she loftily vied
In her colours resplendent and bright.

But the tempest, that spar'd the poor daisy below,
Arrests the tall tulip's delight;
Its proud, blushing honors now carlessly blow
Where the daisy was wont in retirement to grow,
Debas'd from their glittering height.

How oft, dear Eliza, the subjects of pride
Resemble the tulip decay'd;
While the sweet, modest daisy that grew by its side
Resembles the virtue that never has sigh'd
For the honors that shine but to fade!

HENRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MARINER'S HOPE.

When in Ocean's blue mirror the sky is reflected,
And mild Zephyr breathes gently his gale,
By the Gods of the Ocean the sea-boy protected,
Far aloft spreads the white flowing sail.
But altho' the winds speed him from friendship's embrace,
And the cot where the wild flow'rs still grow;
He heeds not the dangers that stare in the face
Of the seaman that rides on the billow.

Not the roar of the tempest, the liquid plain swelling,
Or the gleam of the light'ning afar;
Nor the cold blast of Winter, the salt spray congealing,
E'er appals the stout heart of a tar.
Should the deep prove his grave, and Neptune should roll
A salt briny wave for his pillow;
Yet his comrades will fill the white foaming bowl
To the seaman that rides on the billow.

For this life is a voyage on which all men are sailing,
And we'll all find a haven at last.
Then why should we always at our fate be bewailing,
And repine o'er the danger that's past;
Soon our worm eaten barque shall stem trouble no more;
Time bends both the oak and the willow:
And we shall be plac'd on futurity's shore,
With the seaman that rides on the billow.

LEON.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

——— '*And for all these things which I have done for thee, thou hast render'd evil.*'

INGRATITUDE.

On a bleak, barren shore, where the tempest is raving,
And thunder rolls heavily thro' the dark air,
Where the rude, craggy rocks, Oceans surges are laving,
And *Hope* throws her anchor aside in despair;
Lo here dwells the daemon whose breath is congealing,
Enshrin'd in a wild sable mantle of woe,
Whose heart as an adamant, senseless of feeling,
Allows not the tear for the wretched to flow.

Tis but late, that I saw her ascend the rude mountain
And cast a wild glance on the tenants below,
The contagion congeal'd both the riv'let and fountain,
And *gratitude* ceas'd in the bosom to glow.

Then the tear of the wretched might flow, unregarded
By those whom he erst had reliev'd from despair,
And *virtue* forsaken—her deeds unrewarded,
For a shelter from woe, to a desert repair!

But *mercy*, for her, has a shelter provided,—
The regions of bliss, where no sin can intrude,
When the storm on the ocean of life has subsided,
And the troubles attendant, her faith have subdu'd,
Tho' the sun of my life should by storms be o'ertaken,
And sorrow and pain should deprive me of rest,
Tho' fortune should *smile*, or by friends be forsaken,
Oh, ne'er may INGRATITUDE enter my breast.

AUGUSTUS.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS H. W.

Hush! hush your sighs, kind parents, hush;
From grief's short pangs be free:
'Afflictions spring not from the dust,'
But fall by Heaven's decree.

And you, the friends of her who's gone
Angelic bliss to share,
No longer o'er her ashes mourn,
Nor wish her longer here.

The earliest fruit, the fairest flower,
The soonest will decay.
Our H****** has blest her hour,
And heavenward sped her way.

Her years, though few, were richly fraught
With bless'd Religion's gems.
Her virtues ne'er will be forgot
By those who were her friends.

But now she's gone (transporting thought!)
To angels' blest abode,
To change this world's delusive lot
For the bosom of her God.

LEANDER.

SINGULAR CAVERN.

The following description of a singular cavern, and the story connected with it, is taken from Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.

'Finow, having at this time no business of importance on which to employ his attention, resolved to go to the island of Hoonga, lying at a small distance to the southward of Vavaoo, in order to inspect the plantation there, and recreate himself a little with the sport of shooting birds and rats. Mr. Mariner, as usual, formed one of the party. On this island there is a peculiar cavern, situated on the western coast, the entrance to which is at least a fathom beneath the surface of the sea at low water; and was first discovered by a young chief, whilst diving after a turtle.—The nature of the cavern will be better understood if you imagine a hollow rock rising fifty feet or more above the surface of the water; into the cavity of which there is no known entrance but one, and that is on the side of the rock, as low down as six feet under the water, into which it flows; and consequently the base of the cavern may be said to be the sea itself. Finow and his friends, being on that part of the island, proposed one afternoon on a sudden thought, to go into this cavern, and drink cava. Mr. Mariner was not with them at the time this proposal was made; but happening to come down a little while after to the shore and seeing some of the young chiefs dive into the water, one after another, and not rise again, he was surprized, and inquired of the last, who was just preparing to take the same step, what they were about—"Follow me," said he, "and I will take you where you have never been before; and where Finow, and his chiefs and matabooles, are now assembled." Mr. Mariner supposing it to be the famous cavern of which he had heard some account, without any further hisitation, prepared himself to follow his companion, who dived into the water, and he after him, and guided by the light reflected from his heels, entered the opening in the rock, and rose into the cavern. He was no sooner above the surface of the water, than he heard the voices of the king and his friends; being directed by his guide he climbed upon a portion of the rock and sat down. All the light that came into this place was reflected from the bottom, and was sufficient, after remaining about five minutes, to show objects with some little distinctness: at last he could discover, being directed by the voice, Finow and the rest of his company, seated like himself around the cavern. Nevertheless, as it was desirable to have a stronger illumination, Mr. Mariner dived out again, and procuring his pistol, primed it well, tied plenty of gnatoo tight round it, and wrapped the whole up in a plaintain leaf: he directed an attendant to bring a torch in the same way. Thus prepared he re-entered the cavern, unwrapped the gnatoo, a great portion of which was perfectly dry, fired it by the flash of the powder, and lighted the torch. The place was now illuminated tolerably well, for the first time, perhaps, since its existence. It appeared to be about forty feet wide, and about the same height. The roof was hung with stalactites in a very curious way, resembling, upon a cursory view, the gothic arches and ornaments of an old church. After having examined the place, they drank cava, and passed away the time in conversation on different subjects. An old mataboole, after having mentioned how the cavern was discovered by a young chief in the act of diving after a turtle, related an interesting account of the use which this chief made of his accidental discovery. The circumstances are as follow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AMUSEMENT.

The late Lord Courtney, who was one of the oldest families in Britain, being married to a Miss Clack, who was much inferior in point of birth, a conversation took place, (at which the late Bishop of Exeter was present,) on the disparity of the connexion. 'What is your objection?' says the bishop to a lady, who took the principal lead in the conversation. 'Want of family, my Lord.' 'Want of family,' echoed the Bishop, 'why I'll prove her of a better family than his lordship. He perhaps may trace his ancestors as far back as the conquest, but the family of the *Clacks* are as old as Eve.'

A jocky once selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that 'he was an honest horse.' After the purchase, the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. 'Why, sir,' replied the seller, 'whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to acknowledge, among others, a communication from *Mora*, addressed "To W."

Lines "*On a Glass of Spoilt Damson Preserves*" were not received till this morning—they shall appear next week.

The communication from *Anon* is excluded by the insertion of a letter on the same subject in this day's paper, which was previously received.

We do not conceive that it would be proper for us to publish *An Amateur's* letter. Any communication on the subject from the writer shall be attended to.

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